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Saturday Feb 1

What Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF local traveling men at dinner by the Grand Forks Commercial club is in keeping with the long record of cordiality which has marked the relations of the people of Grand Forks generally and the traveling men who have made the city their headquarters. In the days of the fur traders and of the steamboat men Grand Forks was recognized as an important distributing point, and as the railroads extended their lines and their territory became more and more populous, Grand Forks became the home, temporary or permanent, of a small army of enterprising men who served as a means of business contact between the merchants of the smaller towns and the great centers of the east. Many of the important business concerns of the northwest are now headed by men who once, as salesmen, traveled out of Grand Forks.

THE POSITION OF GRAND Forks as a commercial travelers' headquarters was recognized in the selection of Grand Forks as the place for the U. C. T. convention of 1896 for the north central district, which included North Dakota and all or part of several adjoining states. That convention began on Friday, May 23, continued through Saturday, and extended into Sunday for divine services. All the general meetings were held in the Metropolitan theater, and I remember how the auditorium was packed on those occasions.

At the opening meetings the convention was called to order by C. H. Bronson, past grand counselor. The address of welcome was delivered by Tracy R. Bangs and the response by C. W. Rice of St. Paul, who was grand counselor. Although a young man, Mr. Bangs had already been accorded a place in the very front rank among the public speakers of the country, and

his address on that occasion was one of the convention's outstanding features. Displaying even then the familiarity with Scripture for which he has become famous, he drew a striking parallel between the modern commercial traveler and Joseph, the son of Jacob, whose career, it was pointed out, exemplified vision, imagination, business foresight, executive ability and domestic virtue.

* * *

I HAVE HUNTED UP SOME of the records of that convention, and among those I find the names of the following men who served as chairmen of various committees in connection with the convention: C. H. Bronson, F. S. Iycan, C. W. Hutton, Terry McCosker, J. C. Palmer, C. F. Williams, J. H. Reynolds, W. A. Currie, M. J. Healy and H. W. Nunn. Some of these names will revive memories in some of those who are with us now.

The convention of 1896 had been carefully planned, and most of the plans worked out beautifully. On Saturday evening a minstrel show was given by the Fargo council, and on Sunday the members assembled in the theater and listened to an eloquent sermon by W. Hamilton Spence, pastor of the First Presbyterian church. These numbers were carried out according to schedule, but the plans for a mammoth parade on Saturday, and for drives around the city, had to be abandoned because of the condition of the city streets. The first pavement in Grand Forks was laid later in that summer, but at the time of the convention the whole city was one morass. It is a literal fact that for many days it was impossible for a team to move a vehicle through any of the downtown streets. In such attempts as were made horses were mired and had to be hauled out with ropes and slid on planks, and wagons and buggies, or parts of them, lay abandoned and almost buried in the mud.

* * *

LOCAL BUSINESS WAS PRACTICALLY suspended. The few farmers who had to do business in town hitched their teams near the outskirts of the city and came the rest of the way as best they could on foot. Local deliveries were impossible except by hand or in wheelbarrows. The two wholesale grocery houses, Nash Bros. and the Mercantile company, had their cars

spotted at the most convenient points and loaded and unloaded them by means of handcarts which were wheeled on the sidewalks. As there were only plank walks this was no easy job, and to wheel a loaded hand cart over one of the narrow plank crossings, with three or four feet of liquid mud on either side was a feat resembling Blondin's crossing of the Niagara gorge on a rope.

The old Hotel Dacotah had a balcony in front which projected over the walk, and for lack of better entertainment a number of the guests gathered on the balcony and pitched pennies and nickels into the mud to see the small boys scramble for them. The weather was warm and the youngsters seemed to enjoy plunging into the ooze. Many of the coins were lost, and some of them were recovered by other boys during later paving operations. The visitors accepted the conditions with good humor, but they could not quite credit the assurance that was given that our streets were sometimes passable. I assured one man that this gumbo really made a fine road when it was dried out and rolled down. He said nothing, but I gathered from his expression that he admired my loyalty to the town and forgave my evident disregard of truth.

* * *

PADDY McDONNELL GOT US out of the mud, at least in the downtown section, that season, by means of six-inch cedar blocks stood on end on a plank floor, which in turn rested on a thin bed of sand. The improvement was bitterly opposed by some of our people because what was believed to be its prohibitive cost. The cost of the pavement, exclusive of curbs, manholes, etc., was something less than a dollar a square yard. Some of those blocks gave service of a sort for a dozen years and were then removed to make way for more substantial surfacing.

Monday Feb 3

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MY APPEAL FOR HELP IN fixing the date of the appearance of "The Pirates of Penzance" in Grand Forks a good many years ago has brought a most satisfactory response from Harry Walker, who now lives at Stephen, Minn., and who, notwithstanding his modest disclaimer, was one of the outstanding members of the company. The letter will be interesting to a good many readers, not alone because of the information which it gives about the opera, but because its references will be found to extend into a good many other fields. Harry writes:

* * *

"YES, I REMEMBER THAT production of the "Pirates" very distinctly. I can not give you the exact date but it was well into May 1897, Wednesday and Friday evenings. I say in May because I remember that Sid Adams, Red Riddell and Joe Marshall had reported to Capt. W. A. Gordon and signed up to play baseball during that summer. And by the way Sid Adams was quite an artist in the makeup business. I recall that he assisted the players in the "Pirates" with their making up.

"The following was the cast:

Frederic, Pirate Apprentice—Mr. Henshaw.

Pirate King—C. H. Bronson.

Mabel, Major Stanley's favorite daughter—Mrs. C. H. Bronson.

Maid of all work—Ethel Cavanaugh.

Sergeant of Police—Chas. Hutton.

Samuel, Pirate Lieut.—Frank DeCamp.

Major General Stanley—Harry Walker.

Minor Soprano (Stanley's daughter)—Abbie Meinken.

Minor Alto (Stanley's daughter)—Minnie Seymour.

* * *

MR. HENSHAW WAS A PROFESSIONAL singer, a friend of the Bronsons. He directed the company in rehearsals of the opera, possessing a splendid tenor voice. Mr. Henshaw was very fine as Fredric. Mrs. Bronson had a fine strong soprano voice of quite exceptional range and was a very pleasing "Mabel." Ethel Cavanaugh was a particularly fine contralto and did the "maid of all work" in truly professional style. Chas. Hutton—and by the way this Hutton was a traveling man not our baseball player—was a very clever comedian. He sung the part before and was fine. You remember Frank DeCamp, possessor of a rich baritone voice. His was a small part but well done. The rest of us were quite ordinary. But got through our stuff in fairly creditable manner. I recall some of the names in the choruses. Of the females Kate Selby, Matie Caswell, Miss Brown and one of the Gorman girls. This Miss Gorman had a mighty fine voice. Of the men Oscar Stearns, Jim Green, Ralph Turner, Frank Damerel—brother of George and Dud Nash. These are only a few names that come to my mind. We had really fine choruses, well drilled in the music and action of the work in hand.

* * *

WILL HALL DIRECTED THE orchestra, and the opera, when the production was put on. I remember Prof. Solum, violin. Nelson, cornet; Harry Bayles, clarinet; Fred Reddick, piccolo and flute, and Mrs. Birkholz, piano. In your write-up you mentioned that the production was well staged. The Met was comparatively new at that time and it was easy to stage such a show in a splendid manner.

* * *

ON CONSULTING THE FILES, with the guidance of the above letter, I found that "The Pirates of Penzance" was produced on the evening of May 21, 1897, which would be just about the time that the river was settling after the big flood. The opera was given under the auspices of the Universalist church, in which Judge Guy C. H. Corliss was a leader. Will L. Henshaw, who directed the opera lived at Sauk Center, a town which seems to have developed some culture. Sinclair Lewis

to the contrary notwithstanding. Harry mentions Mrs. Birkholz as pianist. The Herald's account includes A. P. Clifford at the piano.

The letter mentions Frank Damerel, brother of George. I wonder if this may not have been Charlie Damerel. I remember only the two boys, both of whom were good singers, and both of whom later went on the professional stage. George had the leading tenor part in the original "Merry Widow" company in New York, and later appeared in Grand Forks with that company.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS of the chorus are listed in The Herald's story:

Sopranos—Matie Caswell, Grace Brown, Mary Phillips, Susie Parsons, Viola Booker, Leta Charlton, Lulu Thompson, Bessie Carroll, Helen Berg, Mrs. O. J. Strawn, Mary Nash.

Contraltos—Anna Wilson, Nellie Nash, Eva Desautel, Minnie Seymour, Kate Selby, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Parker.

Pirates—Will Thompson, Arthur Rounsvell, Victor DeCamp, B. S. Swengel, Jos. Foubert, Frank Connelly, J. E. Clifford, H. Lindholm, Dr. H. D. Quarry, Howard Brown.

Police chorus—H. J. Brink, Ralph Turner, James Green, Dudley Nash, John P. Galbraith, Oscar Stearns.

Minnie Seymour, named above, became Mrs. Harry Walker. Her death many years ago left several children motherless. I am sure that Harry's letter will be read with interest by many of the older generation. I hope some day to induce Harry to tell us something about the baseball experiences of the nineties, in which he played a prominent part.

Tuesday Feb 4

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE accident in Grand Forks, so far as I have been able to learn, occurred during a parade in which W. M. Edmunds participated not as a driver, but as a passenger. Dr. Fiset was the owner of one of the very early cars, and Mr. Edmunds rode with him frequently. P. S. Houghton, then in the machinery business, had obtained an automobile agency and had a car which he used for demonstration purposes. He conceived the idea of an automobile parade as a means of advertising the new vehicle. The parade was duly held, with three cars in line. Dr. Fiset came first, with Mr. Edmunds seated beside him. Next in line was Dr. Ramsey, and Houghton brought up the rear. The down town streets were traversed without casualties until a little girl slipped and fell in front of the Fiset car. The car was stopped promptly and it was found that the child was unhurt but was unable to rise because the wheel held down her dress. She was extricated and the parade continued, but there were many forebodings as to what would happen if such vehicles were allowed on the streets.

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN Lakota was owned by Dr. Beek, according to a trustworthy informant. The doctor was a hospitable man and took his friends riding frequently. One of these friends was a young lady who was positively thrilled by her first ride. With great enthusiasm she expressed the delight which she felt in the rapid motion—25 miles an hour—in the fresh, clean breeze, and the changing beauties of the landscape. The doctor said he shared her enthusiasm, but

that there was one drawback. It was necessary for the driver to keep both hands on the wheel while driving.

"But," said his passenger, "can't you stop the thing?"

PRESIDENT KANE, OF THE University of North Dakota, recalls that when the automobile was new the Chicago Tribune offered a prize for the best name to be suggested for the horseless carriage. There had been some mention of "automobiles," but that was a composite name, foreign, long and undesirable. What was desired was a short, appropriate American name, and it was for this that the prize was offered. Whether or not the prize was ever awarded President Kane does not know, for before the end of the time allowed for the competition the word "automobile" had come into such general use that it was no more possible to head it off than it was to head off the machine itself.

N. D. KNAPP, WHO INSTRUCTS youth in the high school, tells of the first automobile that appeared in Lisbon. It belonged to a circus, and was the star feature of the parade. In the parade were elephants, camels and bands, the blare of bands and the glitter of painted wagons and gay costumes. But the small boys, of whom Mr. Knapp was one, marched with the strange new carriage which rolled along without anything to push or pull it.

Charles Durbin, Mrs. Knapp's father, came to Grand Forks sometime in the eighties to ride his high bicycle at a race meet. His opponent in one race was demonstrator for one of the new-fangled safeties. The demonstrator was afraid that Durbin would beat him, which would make poor advertising. He accordingly offered to let Durbin have the prize money if Durbin would let him win the race. Durbin refused and did his best to win. He seemed likely to do so, when someone tossed a barrel stave in front of his wheel and over he went, losing both race and prize money.

MORRIS J. KERNAL WAS ARRESTED for daring to ride a motorcycle in Nelson county. Mr. Kernall, who represents the Northwest nursery here, attended the

University of North Dakota years ago, and during vacations he engaged in canvassing to pay expenses. While the motorcycle was very new he bought one of the machines and used it in his work. Near McVillage one day he passed a farmer with his team. The horses snorted and pricked up their ears, but soon subsided but the driver was evidently in a panic. Mr. Kernall rode the machine into the village and parked it while he went into a restaurant for lunch. On coming out he found a knot of excited residents gathered around his mount, with an excited farmer haranguing them. An officer with a star placed him under arrest for disturbing the peace. Mr. Kernall protested that he had committed no crime, that he had used due caution in passing the team on the road, and that no harm had been done to anyone. He was told that all this made no difference, and that nobody could be permitted to ride such an outlandish machine on the streets of McVillage. The officials did not seem quite certain how to proceed next, and while they were in conference Kernall whispered to a boy near by a wild yarn about a rich uncle who had sent him out to look the country over. The boy was charged to tell no one, and promptly divulged the secret to the officers, whereupon Kernall was released with the assurance that it was all a misunderstanding.

A PLEASANT LETTER FROM Mrs. W. J. Plunkett of Park River, was prompted by mention in this column of operatic and other entertainment at the Metropolitan in the early days.

"Today's article," writes Mrs. Plunkett, brought so many pleasant and happy memories of high school days in Grand Forks, during which I saw most of the operas you mentioned. Indeed you are right—we did have very fine attractions at the old Met then, even though today's playgoers and cake eaters can hardly believe it."

Wednesday Feb 5

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

AN INTERESTING LETTER comes from Frank N. Smith, of McCreary, Sask., who has been prompted by something that he has read in the Herald to write of his own experiences as an early settler in the Red River Valley. Mr. Smith writes that his father and family came to North Dakota in 1879, the elder Smith having been engaged by W. N. Roach, later United States senator, to take charge of the stopping place at Stump Lake for the first stage line that ran between Grand Forks and Fort Totten. Mr. Smith writes thus of the family's arrival:

"We got on a mixed train at St. Paul, spent a whole day on the train, and stopped over night at Crookston, which then consisted of a log house and a barn. Next day the train went on to Fisher's Landing, and the next day to Grand Forks. We took rooms at the Mansard house, which was kept by Captain Maloney, who was also captain of the steamer Selkirk, which ran from Fisher's Landing to Fort Garry. There was one other boarding house in the town, the Griggs house, kept by Captain Griggs, also a river steamer captain. The bridge on which we crossed the river was two flat boats fastened together.

"My brother Warren helped Mr. Roach to lay out the stage route. They started from Grand Forks with a team of ponies, a covered wagon, a plow, shovel, ax and camping outfit. They carried a compass and attached to one wagon wheel was a mileage gauge. At certain distances they would stop to plow a furrow and build three little mounds by which their course was marked. This was a precaution against getting lost. The distance as measured by their gauge was 100 miles."

* * *

THE SMITH FAMILY, SAYS the writer, was the first white family to settle in what is now Nelson county. The homestead was in the

vicinity of Stump Lake, which was a much larger body of water then than now. Two of the sons, Warren and William, drove the stage between Grand Forks and Fort Totten. Warren driving to the half way house, about three miles south of the present site of Niagara, and back, William completing the journey at the western end. The round trip took four days, and one round trip was made each week.

For a time the half way house was in charge of a Colonel Maxwell, an old gentleman who had for companions two horses and a dog. The Smiths were his nearest neighbors on the west. The next neighbor on the east was "Little Pete," who lived at Whiskey Creek. H. E. Hanson lived near Larimore. The Elk Valley farm near Larimore was opened up in 1881. Larimore had not yet been started. A Mr. Goodhue had started a store on the school section some distance from where the town now is, and when the railroad was pushed through in the fall of 1881, Mr. Goodhue moved his store to the railroad and thus became the first Larimore merchant. Frank Smith dug for him the first well in Larimore.

* * *

THE SETTLERS OF THOSE days were suspicious of Indians, of whom many were roaming about the country. Those who traversed this section at that time, however, were peaceful. Mr. Smith tells of meeting a party of them as he was on his way on foot from his home to the half way house. They proved to be Chippewas, and said they were from Red Lake on their way to the Missouri to trade with the Sioux. They feasted royally on a dog which Mr. Smith had shot. Warren Smith now lives at Bottineau, and William in California. Frank freighted up the Grafton line in the winter of 1881-82, and later moved to Saskatchewan.

"I drove through Grand Forks two years ago," writes Mr. Smith. I hadn't been there since 1882. I went down to the river to find our old pontoon bridge. Instead I found a big steel bridge. I was halted by a traffic officer for making a wrong turn on a street that was not surveyed when I was there before, but when the officer saw my Manitoba license he kindly instructed me how to proceed. In my time anyone could have homesteaded the land where the university now is.

"I should like to get in touch with any of the old settlers who

are left, and to know if they have a picnic near my father's old farm at Stump Lake. If I can have a month's notice I will surely be there."

* * *

J. D. BACON SAYS THAT I AM wrong in my postoffice geography. Mr. Bacon is right. In a recent article I located the old Grand Forks postoffice on Kittson avenue, on the site of the present Bendeke building. As a matter of fact it was on the other side of the alley, in the rear part of what is now the Penney store. The postoffice was subsequently moved to the Odd Fellows' building on the corner of Fourth street and then to the present federal building.

Thursday Feb 6

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IN A RECENT PARAGRAPH I mentioned the fact that in earlier times it was customary for the railroads to issue transportation to newspaper in exchange for advertising. In a way the exchange was fictitious, for while there were papers in which the advertising that appeared, crudely as it was prepared, was of value equal to the transportation issued, there were many papers, such as were then published, in whose advertising it would be difficult to detect any value whatever. Yet with rare exceptions the transportation was issued, and at the end of the year receipted bills were exchanged, no matter which way the balance stood.

That practice was supposed to be of particular value to newspaper publishers. It had its desirable features, and also its drawbacks. Knowledge of it created the impression that the newspapers were merely the hired servants of the railroads, when as a matter of fact the transportation was issued almost invariably without reference to the newspaper's attitude toward railroads or anything else. The editor who habitually lambasted the railroads was as likely as not to be traveling on an annual pass or mileage book which was given, not as a subsidy or a bribe, but simply in pursuance of an almost universal custom.

* * *

ANOTHER DRAWBACK WAS that the publisher frequently had little opportunity to ride on his own transportation. If he owed money to his banker, which was quite likely, the banker's demand for newspaper transportation to Florida for himself and family had to receive serious consideration. The average small town merchant saw little use in advertising, anyway, and a free trip somewhere or other served to sugar the business. Then there were the publisher's personal friends to be looked after, and this used up quite a lot of mileage.

Usually the transportation was issued in the name of the newspaper man and was not transferrable. Nevertheless it was transferred by having the recipient impersonate the owner and sign his name whenever necessary. Conscientious scruples seldom stood in the way of this practice, and I am sure that some of those who will read these lines have committed such acts of impersonation without hesitation. Occasionally complications arose, as conductors were required to confiscate transportation so used and collect full fare. Occasionally they did.

* * *

A PROMINENT AND RESPECTED Grand Forks man—whose name I have sworn not to mention—had a harrowing experience while en route to St. Paul on mileage that had been issued to me. Somewhere down the line he presented his mileage, to which he signed my name. The conductor accepted it and passed on. When he had completed his round he returned, sat down beside my double and said: "It's quite a while since I have been in Grand Forks, Mr. Davies. How are things there?" The imposter made the best answer he could think of and the conversation continued the conductor using my name frequently. The passenger was in a cold sweat for fear he would give himself away or lest someone who knew him should pass through and call him by his right name. He felt a glow of relief when he reached St. Paul without being exposed. Another Grand Forks man who was using Harry Willson's transportation had it picked up and was required to pay his fare because his full name was engraved on the gold handle of his umbrella.

* * *

MEMBERS OF THE STATE legislature were always given transportation by the roads serving the state. The distribution was general, regardless of how the members voted. During several sessions the distribution of this transportation was entrusted to Senator Jud LaMoure, and he took grim delight in keeping members on the anxious seat until he saw fit to disclose that he had the tickets all ready for distribution. Federal and state legislation put an end to the practice, and it is rather interesting to note that this legislation was favored very generally by the newspapers themselves. A.

E. Lindstrom, the owner of the Langdon Republican, said it would be a good thing for him, because whereas in the past he had traveled because it cost him nothing, he would now have to stay at home and attend to business. He did that so effectively that he has become a permanent and prosperous resident of California.

Friday Feb 7

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

INFORMATION AS TO EARLY rail-and-water transportation in the Red river valley is sought by Mrs. J. E. Galbraith of Cavalier, who writes as follows:

"Will you have the goodness to give me some authentic information concerning a matter regarding which I find curiously differing opinions, even among the early settlers.

"In 1876 (or '77 or '78)' they will say, 'we came as far as Fisher's Landing by rail and there took the boat down the Red river to Winnipeg (or Pembina.)'

"Asked to state the exact location of Fisher's Landing, some place it on the Red river, somewhere above Grand Forks, others on the Red Lake river at the present day Fisher, and still others, these perhaps most numerous, at Crookston.

"Where was the terminus of the railroad, say in 1876? And was that the same railroad which, about 1879, was built through St. Vincent to Winnipeg under the name of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba?

"What year was the Northern Pacific built to Pembina, and under what name?

"I should be most grateful to you for solving these problems for me. Your 'That Reminds Me' in The Herald is most enjoyable."

* * *

IT IS NOT STRANGE THAT many of those who entered the Red river valley half a century ago should not have been very clear as to their whereabouts. Maps were less plentiful in those days. The great northwest was a great unknown area of whose size and shape eastern people had no conception. Settlers who came in at that time had in mind given destinations, and as a rule they were more interested in getting their families to those destinations than in keeping track of their meanderings en route.

"Fisher's Landing" was the name given to the steamboat landing on the Red Lake river, about half way between Grand Forks and Crookston, and which has developed into the present village of Fisher, Minnesota. For the reasons for establishing a steamboat landing at that particular place we must glance into what now seems quite ancient history.

* * *

FOLLOWING THE ASSUMPTION of control of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad by James J. Hill the little line had been extended by fits and starts into the Red river valley, but times were hard and funds scarce, and progress was slow. The road reached Crookston in 1873, and there it stopped. The Canadian federation had been formed in 1867, and British Columbia had been guaranteed, in consideration of her joining the dominion, railroad connection with the east. The task of building such a road, through unproductive territory, over mountains and around lakes, was a tremendous one, and the Canadian government struggled with it for several years. In the early seventies the government itself undertook the work of construction, and laid considerable track in the Lake Superior area. The contractor in charge of the division extending eastward from Winnipeg had his rails and other material shipped over the Northern Pacific to Moorhead, and thence freighted down the Red river to Winnipeg on flatboats. This plan was followed for several seasons, and large quantities of material were thus shipped. Low water caused trouble in navigating Goose Rapids several miles south of Grand Forks, and arrangements were made for shipment over Mr. Hill's road. The Red Lake river was fairly navigable from Grand Forks about half way to Crookston. The rest of the distance was cumbered with rapids and shallows. A spur was therefore extended in 1877 from Crookston to the "head of navigation" which became Fisher's Landing. Passengers and freight thereafter were carried by train through Crookston to Fisher's landing, thence by boat down the Red Lake river to the "Forks" and on down stream to Pembina, Winnipeg, or some other destination.

* * *

THE ROAD ON WHICH THE Canadian government had been engaged was turned over in the early eighties to the newly organized Canadian Pacific Railway company, which linked up the several sections and completed construction to the Pacific. The Hill road, the St. Paul & Pacific, was reorganized in 1879 as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, which later became the Great Northern of today. The road was extended from Fisher's landing to East Grand Forks in 1879, and during the following winter the river was bridged and rails laid into Grand Forks.

The Northern Pacific or its branch known as the Duluth & Winnipeg entered Grand Forks during the winter of 1887 and construction continued without interruption until the line reached Pembina. Further railroad material must be reserved for another day.

Saturday Feb 8

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

G. V. MATSON, OF THE ASSOCIATED Press staff at Bismarck, sends me a clipping from the Baseball World which reads:

In a game at Grand Forks against Fargo, a world record was set on July 18, 1891, when neither team scored a run during 25 innings of play.

Mr. Matson thinks that if this statement is authentic the record thus made still stands as a world record. He cites a 26-inning game between Brooklyn and Philadelphia about 1921 in which Leon Cadore and Joe Oescheger were pitchers, but in this one score was made by each team. This, so far as he knows, is the league record for long contests.

* * *

I HAD HEARD OF THE Grand Forks-Fargo game, but did not see it, as it was played before my newspaper days in Grand Forks. In The Herald file, however, I found a story of the game, which was played, as the clipping states, on July 18, 1891. This is the story given to Herald readers at that time:

The game started off in a manner promising nothing unusual. The pitchers, Gibbs and Raymer, having good control of the ball, and the batters being in fairly good form. At the close of the seventh inning no tallies had been made, and the spectators smiled and said "pretty good game." At the close of the ninth the smile was a little nearer a grin and the murmurs of approbation a little more audible. When the fifteenth inning closed without any change the spectators hardly knew what to make of it and the enthusiasm began to find vent. When no runs had been made in the twentieth the excitement was at fever heat and when time was

called at the end of the twenty-fifth without a run having been scored most of the spectators knew that a record had been smashed.

It was a remarkable game, full of phenomenal plays. Watson was playing second and accepted nineteen chances without an error. McDonald, third base for Fargo, accepted fourteen chances, playing an errorless game. Hearn accepted sixteen out of seventeen chances. There were no less than eleven double plays; each pitcher had eighteen strikeouts; and twenty-five men were left on bases. The game lasted nearly four hours.

* * *

THE EXACT TIME OF THE game is given in the headline as 3 hours, 50 minutes. Unfortunately neither the lineup nor a detailed description of the game is given. The Fargo team, however, had been playing a series of games at Grand Forks, and the lineup for the preceding day is given as follows:

Grand Forks—Irysh 3b, Lycan 2b, Gibbs p, Hill ss, Cardno c, Watson 1b, Turner lf, Knudson rf, Eyre cf.

Fargo—Banning ss, Hearn 2b, McDonald 3b, Adams c, Raymer p, Cannon 1b, Keye lf, Harper rf, McLaughlin cf.

Some of the persons named may still be identified, but a good many have passed out of recollection. Another historic game of twenty innings or more without a run was played at Devils Lake. I should be glad to have someone supply me the date of that game and any details that are available.

* * *

ON A PAGE OF THE HERALD facing the story of the ball game I noted an advertisement of the Metropolitan theater, "George H. Broadhurst, manager." That reminded me of the probability that the baseball story had been written by no less a person than Mr. Broadhurst himself. The theater had been built the preceding year and opened in the fall of 1890 by a company headed by Emma Abbott in "Martha." Broadhurst had been brought from Minneapolis to manage the house, but hard times were setting in and it was necessary to cut expenses wherever possible. Geo. B. Winship, owner of The Herald, had invested more than he could afford in the theater, and as a measure of economy for the theater he took Broadhurst on as city editor on a part time basis.

* * *

THE JOB OF CITY EDITOR was to do everything that was done around the place with the exception of writing editorials. The "city editor" was therefore general reporter, society editor, music critic, sports editor, telegraph editor, and all the other editors that happened to be needed. I have no doubt, therefore, that George H. Broadhurst, in addition to being a successful playwright and theater manager, has the distinction of having written for the Grand Forks Herald the story of the most remarkable game of baseball ever played.

At that time Mr. Broadhurst was advertising the forthcoming appearance at the Metropolitan for a solid week of the Wilbur Opera company in a series of operas including "Falka," "Erminie," "Grand Duchess," "Princess Toto," and "Nanon." Most of those are now forgotten. But a few weeks later there were given "Olivette" and "Chimes of Normandy," and for those who did not care for opera there was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was played at the Gotzian "Opera House" during the same week.

Monday Feb 10

I at Reminds Me—W. P. D.

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION IN the early days was not always a perfectly ladylike job. The work was rough, and the construction camps were apt to be filled with pretty rough men. The gang foreman had to be actually a boss. It was his job to keep his men at work, to keep them good humored if he could, and if necessary to use his fists on rebellious ones. Rough-and-tumble fights were of frequent occurrence among the men, and when a construction camp was situated near a town something resembling the college spirit pervaded the camp and solidified it in antagonism toward the local inhabitants. Town and camp were arrayed against each other very much as town and gown have been under other circumstances, and often with more serious casualties.

I have written something about the building of the road from Crookston to Fisher's Landing, a piece of work which was done to provide transportation for rails and supplies for a part of the present Canadian Pacific east from Winnipeg. A few houses had been built at the landing in anticipation of the coming of the railroad. There was also a saloon. When the construction crew reached the landing its first procedure was to take possession of the saloon, carry the bar outdoors and the liquid stock with it. Then free drinks were served to all comers as long as the supply lasted. There were then wild times at the landing for several days.

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THE LATE D. M. HOLMES once told me of the steps that were taken to prevent a similar occurrence when, a year or two later, the road was brought to East Grand Forks. There was then quite a settlement at the Forks, and it was foreseen that when the railway construction gang arrived there was likely to be trouble. It was determined that peace should

be maintained at all hazards. The construction crew arrived, and in the evening, as was customary, all hands repaired to the saloon on the east side for refreshments. Twenty or thirty lusty Grand Forks men had been recruited and armed with pick handles and ax handles, and while the fun was in progress inside the saloon these men were posted in a double line outside. One of the Grand Forks men had volunteered to go inside and pick a quarrel with the railway gang. Mr. Holmes told me this man's name, but I have forgotten it. Perhaps some reader can supply it. I am sure others would like to know what former Grand Forks citizen was willing to take such a desperate chance. The guard was duly posted and the trouble maker entered. The sounds of revelry inside continued as the watchers listened in the darkness. Then there was a momentary lull, and then bedlam broke loose. The Grand Forks man crashed through the door, and after him came a mob of infuriated railroad builders. As the latter crowded through the doorway the Grand Forks cudgels got into action. The action was short, sharp and decisive. The visitors were both literally and figuratively taken off their feet. Victory perched upon the crest of the Grand Forks defenders, and there was no further suggestion of any "running of the town." Hosts and guests fraternized freely thereafter, the supremacy of the hosts having been established.

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THE BISECTING OF GRAND Forks by the Great Northern, or the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, as it was then called, was regarded with strong disfavor by many of the residents of the little city in the seventies. So strong was the opposition that a mass meeting of citizens was held for the purpose of protesting against such a course. Frank Gilby, who recently retired after more than thirty years' service as a Grand Forks mail carrier, was one of those present at that meeting. He tells me that Dr. Collins, well known in civic affairs at that time, presided, and that there was great enthusiasm. Vigorous resolutions of remonstrance were prepared, but before they were adopted a stranger who had been inconspicuous in the crowd rose and announced himself as a representative of the railway company. He said it would be quite unnecessary

to adopt any resolutions; that the company wished to proceed in harmony with the wishes of the people of Grand Forks; and that inasmuch as the entrance of the road into the city was not regarded with satisfaction the company would be glad to make its crossing of the river some two miles down stream at a point which had already been selected as suitable. Mr. Gilby says that the resolutions were completely lost in the ensuing scramble of repudiation. The bridge was built, and the road run through, just as Mr. Hill had planned.

Grand Forks had been a railroad center of some importance for a good many years before direct connection with the head of the lakes was established. The Great Northern was ultimately built west from Duluth and east from Crookston, but that will be another story.

Tuesday Feb 11

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

DID YOU EVER CATCH AN antelope alive? I never did, but writing about antelopes the other day brought to mind some stories about antelopes and other animals, two of which stories I found in an issue of the Mitchell, S. D., Republican. They relate to the time of the seventies and eighties, when antelope were plentiful in Dakota territory.

John Reiersen, of Mitchell, who is now 77 years old, and who came to Dakota in 1878, thought when he told the story to the newspaper that he was the only man who had ever caught an antelope in the open. He and his cousin, Mike Mickelson, were doing some work on the Reiersen homestead when they saw a young antelope at a little distance. The animal did not see them as they were partly screened by a grove and some rolling ground. Acting according to a hastily arranged plan they stalked the animal, approaching from opposite sides. At the proper moment Mike rose and stood still, and the antelope watched him intently. John made a spring from the rear and caught the little beauty by one hind leg just as it was bounding away. They kept it for a day or two, but it refused to eat, and fearing that it would die, they released it.

Other antelope were caught in the vicinity of Mitchell at a later date, but the circumstances were such that they did not have a fair chance. Jacob Bridenbach, who lives at Plankinton, tells of the tremendous snow of the winter of 1881-82. He was keeping "bach" on his claim that winter, and at one time he lived for three weeks on nothing but potatoes and salt, the snow being so deep and the weather so stormy that he could not go anywhere for other food. During that winter, he says, some of his neighbors found fourteen antelope stranded in the snow.

They surrounded the animals and caught and killed them, expecting to find a ready sale for the meat in Mitchell. When they hauled the carcasses in they found that the village was overstocked with antelope meat, and the enterprise was a failure.

* * *

THERE ARE SEVERAL MEN still living who as members of a Grand Forks hunting party participated in an adventure, not with an antelope, but with a deer, out on the Little Missouri. That was a great hunting country twenty years or more ago, and one Grand Forks party spent several seasons in that territory and had excellent success. The personnel varied from year to year, but at one time or another it included, among others, Art Turner, Geo. B. Winship, E. C. Cooper, Billy Budge, Hugh Ryan. The hunts were well organized, the officer of the day posting his men in a sort of semi-circle, and at a given time all the forces began to move forward, converging toward a given point. Deer scared up by one man would be quite likely to fall to his neighbor's rifle. While the hunt was a community affair it was largely a matter of luck whether a given man got a shot or not, each man naturally hoping to kill a deer or two. On one expedition each man except Cooper had a deer to his credit several days before it was time to return home. Cooper had scared up numerous deer for the others, but he had never had a shot. His companions insisted, quite unfairly, that he didn't know how to hunt, and some of them promised to catch a deer and tie it up for him to shoot. Cooper took the joking with good humor, but he did want to get just one deer.

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ONE AFTERNOON, THE HUNT being over for the day, Cooper had reached camp ahead of the others, and again without a deer. Two of his friends, approaching from another direction, heard a commotion just over the river bank, and, looking over the brink, they saw a deer that had broken through the thin ice near shore and was unable to get out. Without much difficulty the hunters reached the animal and pulled it ashore. Then it struck them that this would be the time to keep their promise to tie up a deer for Cooper. Using their belts for the purpose they tied the deer so that he was partly

concealed in low brush, and then one of the conspirators rounded up the rest of the party and the other hurried to camp to start Cooper out. Cooper was told that a deer had been seen at about a certain point, and that if he would follow a certain trail he would stand a good chance of getting it. Cooper armed himself and set out. Moving cautiously he caught sight of the deer. Here was his chance! He was to get a deer at last! He aimed, fired, and the deer fell, for Cooper was a good shot. He approached to retrieve his prize, and the spectators, who were hidden in the brush near by, said the expression of amazement and chagrin on his face was a sight long to be remembered. At the proper moment the gang emerged from hiding and extended congratulations. Cooper did get a deer in the regular way before the party broke up, but the episode of the tethered deer was brought up to plague him for a long time thereafter.

Wednesday Feb 12

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

WOODEN SHOES, ACCORDING to Richard Massock, who writes of matters in and about New York for Herald readers, are made in a factory at Orange City, Iowa, to be worn mostly by ice cream and kitchen workers in New York, the wooden soles being useful to keep the feet of the workers dry.

Most of us are somewhat familiar with the appearance of wooden shoes, which have commonly been called clogs. We have seen them on the stage and in pictures, if nowhere else, and we usually associate them with the Dutch people, who have worn this sort of foot gear from time immemorial. The carving of wooden shoes was for many generations an important industry in Holland. It may be so yet, but I suppose that machines have long since taken the place of hand workers.

* * *

THE DUTCH WOODEN SHOE, however, is not the only "clog," nor has the wearing of clogs been confined to the Dutch. One of the entertainments of my childhood was that of digging out of a closet and wearing a pair of clogs which my grandmother had worn in England years before, and which she had brought with her across the Atlantic. These were not wooden shoes, but substantial and well made leather shoes with wooden soles. I learned that they had been quite commonly used in Yorkshire for work in damp places. Because of their leather tops they could not readily be distinguished from ordinary shoes, but when worn on a hard surface they made a clatter which was very pleasing to youthful ears.

* * *

ANOTHER SPECIES OF FOOT-gear was the patten, of which we also had a pair. These were leather shoes with wooden soles to which were attached by means of short projections iron rings, oval

in shape, and approximately the size of the shoe. The patten raised one perhaps two inches off the ground. I was told that they had been in common use in many sections of England, where large flagstones were used for the rough paving of village streets and portions of farm yards. Rain was plentiful and drainage usually poor, and the flagstones were frequently covered with thin slime which made walking both difficult and unpleasant. Then the pattens came into use, and the population went clattering about with their feet fairly dry.

* * *

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF railway construction the rivalry between companies was exhibited in less polite forms than we find customary today. There was at one time real and intense rivalry between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, and the entrance of the Northern Pacific into the lower Red River valley was not regarded with favor by the Great Northern people. I wonder if anyone who reads this can verify or refute the story that I have heard of the obstruction of the crossing of the Great Northern rails at Crookston by the Northern Pacific. I have no personal knowledge of the subject, but at the time when the N. P. was being brought west from Crookston the story was current that Great Northern workmen opposed the laying of the new rails across the tracks, and that for some time a Great Northern engine was kept running back and forth over the proposed crossing in order that the work should not proceed. Information on this scrap, if there was one, is invited.

* * *

AT MY OWN HOME TOWN, Brantford, Ont., we had an exciting time early one Sunday morning when a trainload of strangers arrived in the city and began tearing up the rails of the road over which they had come. For a good many years the city had been served by two roads, the Great Western and the Grand Trunk, both of which have since been merged in the Canadian National system. A local road running southwest had been built by a little independent company. It connected with the Great Western, and down toward Lake Erie it crossed the Canadian Southern, which was a part of the Michigan Central system. Both of these more important roads wanted it

and the competition was fierce. Finally the local road was bought by the Great Western, and shortly thereafter the above mentioned invasion occurred. The Michigan Central people asserted some sort of financial claim against the local road, and for some time court proceedings were in progress. Early one Sunday morning our townspeople were aroused by the furious ringing of the big Congregational bell, which was used as a fire alarm. Everybody turned out to see the fire, but they found instead several hundred husky men who had arrived on flat cars and were busy tearing up the rails of the local road and loading them on their cars. The chief of police ordered them to desist, and they told him to jump in the river, which was right close by. A. S. Hardy, who, I think, was afterward premier of the province, by virtue of some office which he held, began to read the riot act in due form, and he was pitched down the embankment. Before any organized resistance could be arranged the invaders had loaded several cars with rails, mounted their cars, and steamed out of town. I never knew just what it was all about or what the end of it was, but we youngsters had a thrilling Sunday morning.

Thursday Feb 13

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

J. W. LYONS RAN A LITTLE bicycle shop down on DeMers avenue not far from the bridge before he became an automobile dealer. I think I have mentioned before that he used to let me do repair work there on my second-hand Victor. There were others who shared that privilege and used it freely. It was cheaper that way. One of the patrons of Jim's shop was Arthur Wales, the piano tuner of whom I have written. Jim remembers Wales and his freak bike very well. One thing that the windmill machine did for Wales was to develop his arm muscles, and Jim says he had an arm like a ham. He could really make remarkable time with his curious machine. On one occasion Lyons says, Wales, Dr. Cowper and several others took part in a road race to Manvel and back, Wales on his windmill and the others on normal safeties. The riders started and disappeared. Long before they were expected back Wales appeared at the Lyons shop, apparently exhausted. Asked what was the matter he said, "Oh, they were too much for me and I turned round and came back." Later it developed that he had made the entire distance, hopelessly defeated his competitors and got in two or three miles ahead of them.

* * *

A. W. TAYLOR WRITES FROM Detroit Lakes of an automobile owned by B. F. Warren, of Emerald, which was one of the very early cars that appeared in that village. Mr. Taylor describes it as a gorgeous affair with bright red body and black mud guards, brass trimmed, and with oil lamps set close to the radiator. These lamps, says Mr. Taylor, looked like eyes, and two persons perched on the high seat looked at a distance somewhat like ears, the whole combination having a demoniac appearance which would cause any orderly team of horses to take to the fields.

"It is also clear," writes Mr. Taylor, "that the designer of this machine did not have in mind the needs of the modern necking party, as there were but two individual seats in the rear compartment, with a real door between. As these seats were very high and gave a clear view both front and back, the idea may have been to enable Mother to give instructions more conveniently from the rear."

The letter tells of the harrowing experience of one of Mr. Warren's passengers who had been taken for a pleasure ride. Everything went well on the way out, but in turning for the return trip it was necessary to back. The machine backed, all right, but the gears refused to release and it kept on backing and it was on the point of plunging down a steep embankment when the release was made. The passenger jumped for his life, and he insisted on walking home rather than re-enter the machine. He begged Mr. Warren not to drive it home as the machine was sure to kill him.

* * *

IN JOHN O. FADDEN'S INTERESTING story of his own early experiences and the experiences of his family, published in The Herald of Sunday, February 9, we are told of the diplomacy of Rev. O. H. Elmer in dealing with a group of gamblers at Fargo. Preachers had all sorts of experiences in those days. Dr. Frank Doran, father of the present federal prohibition commissioner, once told me of one of his. Dr. Doran was the first pastor of the Grand Forks Methodist church, and he served at a time when most of the adjuncts of the frontier town were to be found here. He had learned of the case of a destitute widow who was in urgent need of help and started out to see what could be done about it. On the street he met Dan Sullivan, whom he knew well and liked, and stated the case to him. "The woman must be helped," said Dan. "Come along with me." Dan led the way to a room in the Ingalls house which was used as a public gambling room. It being early afternoon the owner of the establishment was just preparing for the day's business. He sat at a small table upon which he had dumped from little sacks the coin and bills that were to be used as business capital. The table was well covered with a miscellaneous collection of wealth. Dan explained the mission on which he

and the preacher had come, setting forth in moving terms the plight of the poor widow. The gambler listened attentively and said, "Sure. Something's got to be done. We can't have anybody in a fix like that. Hold your hat." Dr. Doran held his hat at the edge of the table, and with one motion of his arm the gambler swept into it what seemed to be about half the money on the table. "How'll that be?" he asked. He was assured that it would be all right, and the widow's needs were provided for. In telling the story Dr. Doran said that he had always entertained both respect and affection for a lot of the rough men whom he met in those days.

Friday Feb 14

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MARK TWAIN PERFORMED an enormous amount of work for a man as lazy as he was, if we are to credit his own account of himself. To put it politely, Mark was physically indolent. It suited him better to sit than to stand, and to lie down than to sit. Much of his writing was done in bed, not because of illness, but because he felt more comfortable that way. He was slow of speech, and he seemed reluctant to make an unnecessary movement. Yet this easy-going, apparently irresponsible fellow piloted steamboats on the Mississippi, an occupation requiring long and thorough training and intense concentration. He spent years roughing it in the Rockies in the early gold-hunting days; he traveled all over Europe in his early life and all over the world in later years; he was an industrious barnstormer in his lecturing days; and he wrote volume after volume the preparation of which involved no small amount of purely mechanical work. Perhaps his "laziness" is to be accepted with some reservations.

Somewhere he has explained his theory and practice of correspondence. His habit was, so he says, never to answer a letter immediately after receiving it. He would lay it aside, and he found that after letters had been laid aside for a few weeks, most of them did not need to be answered at all. That simplified matters and saved a lot of time.

* * *
I RECEIVE A GOOD MANY letters which have been suggested by story or comment in this column. Like Mark Twain I lay them aside. Almost every one contains something useful for reproduction or as a reminder of something else. Some of them require, and receive, prompt acknowledgement. I should

like to reply to them all, but this is not possible. I hope that those who write will understand that their letters are appreciated and that their comments, suggestions and recitals of experience are being stored away, to be drawn upon as opportunity may serve, for the information or entertainment of other readers. There are thousands of people who have bits of information that would be interesting to other people. I should like to get them all.

* * *

ON THE STAND BEFORE THE senate investigating committee Julius H. Barnes not long since paid high tribute to Chairman Legge of the Farm Board and commended particularly Mr. Legge's fairness. Asked if he meant that Mr. Legge was fair to business or to the farmer, he replied "Fair to both."

That recalls the old couplet:

If she be not fair to me,

I care not then how fair she be.

I imagine that the reference by Mr. Barnes to fairness had no reference to personal pulchritude, but was intended to apply to equitable intent and balanced judgment. In that case fairness is absolute and cannot be displayed to one party to the exclusion of another. In certain political circles that kind of fairness is not appreciated, and it is desired that the light of one's countenance shall be permitted to shine only one way.

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PRESIDENT HOOVER RECENTLY re-appointed Joseph B. Eastman of Boston a member of the Interstate Commerce commission. Mr. Eastman is a Democrat who is credited with strong leanings in the direction of public ownership, a policy of which the president does not approve. It was rumored that the appointment was made because of an understanding that had been convened to the White House that unless it were made other nominations would not be confirmed by the senate. One writer surmises that if Grover Cleveland had been in the White House he would have seen the senate in fire and brimstone before he would have permitted it to dictate the appointment of a socialist to the Interstate commission.

* * *

BE THAT, AS IT MAY, I AM reminded of John Miller, North Dakota's first governor, who found

the state's first legislature somewhat dilatory in enacting certain legislation which had been promised the people, and in which he was greatly interested. During the campaign some of the members had promised certain of their constituents appointive positions and they had later recommended these appointments to the governor. There has been no action, and the candidates were becoming insistent. The standing of the legislators at home was involved in the fulfillment of their promises. A delegation waited on the governor to urge speedy action. The governor was cordial, and very polite. He explained that he had been so busy with other matters that he had not been able to give attention to these appointments, and he was afraid that he would be unable to act on them until certain bits of legislation which he mentioned were out of the way.

The anxious members saw the point. The bills were passed, and the appointments followed in short order.

Saturday Feb 15

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

I WROTE ONE DAY OF catching antelope and tying up deer. All of that reminded me of a peculiar incident in which a member of our surveying party in the James River valley figured. This was in 1882.

We were trying to locate the proper place for the townsite of Sykeston. We had made camp at the approximate place, and started out one fine morning to locate a surveyor's monument some miles south, right in the heart of the Coteaux. These hills have the appearance of young mountains, and the country through which we traveled was—and is—very rugged. One of our party was a lad of about fifteen, who, because of his youth, was known as the Kid. On the southward trip we left the Kid with a flag on top of a hill, the flag being visible for several miles. The Kid was left, with a package of lunch, to guard the flag until our return.

* * *

WE FOUND AN APPARENTLY badly scared Kid when we got back late in the afternoon, and he told a yarn so wild that he was at once dubbed a liar. He said he had eaten his lunch and lay dozing on the ground near the flag when he was roused by a sound near by. He sat up and saw a herd of eight or ten antelope within a few yards of him. They showed a disposition to charge him, and he was obliged to fight them off with the flagstaff.

* * *

THE TIMIDITY OF ANTELOPE is so notorious that the story was impossible on its face. Not only had we the general reputation of the animals with which to confute the Kid, but we had been seeing antelope by the score all summer, and all of us knew how difficult it was to get anywhere near them in the open. The idea that a herd of them had charged a boy on top of a hill was preposterous.

Nevertheless, the Kid insisted that he was telling the truth, and he never abandoned that position. I believe that at least he thought he was telling the truth. Antelope, while very shy, are exceedingly curious. On seeing a strange, motionless object they will investigate. They will circle around it, approaching nearer and nearer until their curiosity is satisfied or until they take fright. In the latter case they are off like the wind. Our surveyor's flag of red and white had a peculiar attraction for them. Curiosity as to that flag was fatal to several of their number. A hunter lying flat on the ground could often coax a herd of antelope within range by setting the spike of the staff in the ground and waving the flag gently. The antelope grazing at a distance would presently take notice and begin to circle, and the hunter had a good chance of getting a shot before they took fright and made off. I think the Kid's antelope had seen his flag and approached to inspect it. Seeing no movement they had come quite close, and when he roused and saw nearly a dozen strange animals within a few yards he had taken it for granted that that they were about to attack him. Anyway, his fright seemed genuine, and he was a pretty good youngster.

* * *

THE COTEAUX COUNTRY AT that time was entirely uninhabited. Settlers were beginning to come in, but they chose the level prairie. To me the rugged country was very attractive. I had come from a country of rolling hills, and the prairie looked very flat. There had been heavy snow the preceding winter, and summer rains were plentiful. The hills were all clothed in green, and there were broad, grassy valleys, with little lakes and shining streams meandering among them. The water courses presented problems, as they were often in our way, but the weather was generally warm, and instead of triangulating around a pool it was the custom to wade it if wading were possible. We wore light clothing in the hot weather, and it soon dried in the sun.

It seemed to me then that the Coteau country would be ideal for small farming and stock raising. I have never visited that territory since that summer, but I have been told that nearly all of it is occupied by small farmers, most of whom homesteaded. At the ex-

treme north end of the range is the Hawk's Nest, a single peak that rises many feet higher than the neighboring hills. When I saw the Hawk's Nest its lower sides were bare, but it bore a handsome crown of quite heavy timber. I am told that the timber is all gone, settlers having driven great distances to cut it for fuel.

Monday Feb 17

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE PERIOD OF THE EARLY eighties was one of great activity in railway construction in the west. The Union Pacific had completed the spanning of the continent, and other roads were entering into the great plains territory to the south. The building of the Northern Pacific had been retarded by financial difficulties, but the road was being slowly pushed westward. With the building of railroads came the building of towns, and there were both paper railways and paper towns in great number. There was, moreover, great rivalry among owners of property along roads that were actually to be built, as even a mere way station on a piece of land made possible the platting of a town and the sale of town lots.

* * *

SYKES & HUGHES WAS THE most important land firm doing business at Jamestown in my surveying days around Jamestown in 1882. The firm seemed to have ample capital, and in addition to numerous purchases from private individuals the firm bought large areas from the Northern Pacific. The railway company had received from the government a grant of each alternate section of land along its course for a distance of twenty miles on each side of the right of way. Real estate was booming at that time, and the Jamestown Alert, in order to keep interest active, published each day the list of land transfers recorded that day at the court house. These were given in abbreviated form, merely as a matter of general information. The list would very often contain an entry something like this:

Northern Pacific Railway Co. to Sykes & Hughes—all the railway land in township blank, range blank.

That meant that Skyes & Hughes had bought another half township of prairie which none of the principals had ever seen. The com-

pany had the close co-operation of the railway people in the locating of townsites along the Jamestown & Northern, which had recently been surveyed, and the city of Sykeston was named in honor of the head of the firm.

* * *

OUR SURVEYING OUTFIT BEGAN work on that ownsite late in May, 1882. We arrived at what was supposed to be the location of the town late in the afternoon of May 20, as I remember the date. We had a crew of eleven men and had come up from Jamestown in two days. The teamster who had hauled our camp outfit started immediately to make part of his return trip before night, and we were left on the bank of the Pipestem with our equipment. The only sign of human existence from horizon to horizon was a little claim shack perhaps half a mile away which was unoccupied at the time. We made camp in a rather sketchy manner and turned in, to be aroused in the middle of the night by a driving rain. Tent stakes and guy ropes had to be secured against the wind. It was chilly work, and the rest of the night was anything but comfortable. By morning the rain had turned to sleet, and tent and ropes were covered with ice. Then came snow, oceans of it, and furious wind. That blizzard, which swept the whole northwest, kept us housed up in the tent for three days. The weather had until then been fine, and we wore only summer clothing and we carried blankets enough only for warm weather. We had a little sheet iron stove for cooking, and about an armful of kindling with which to feed it, but we could not have a fire in the tent. We spent part of the time playing cards, and when our fingers got too stiff to hold the cards we rolled up in the blankets and hugged each other for warmth.

* * *

PRESENTLY THE STORM WAS over. The sun shone out of a clear sky and a warm breeze melted the snow and the world was again fresh and green. Our cook—we had one along on that trip—complained of having no shelter for his stove, and in order to please him the rest of us went across lots one night and carried the claim shanty which we had seen a short distance away and set it down over the cook's stove. That worked beautifully until one Sunday morning we were aroused about daylight by the sound of hammering. Looking out

some of us saw two men with a load of lumber at the site of the claim shanty hard at work building another.

Claim jumping had become as much of a profession as bootlegging is now, and our interpretation of the situation was that the man whose shanty we had appropriated had gone down to Jamestown for supplies and these prowlers, finding his shanty gone, had concluded to take possession. Our crowd did not wish to cause some poor fellow to lose his claim, so after a hurried council of war we picked up the stolen shanty and marched back with it. After we had set it down in its original tracks we invited the claim jumpers to move on. They were at first defiant and talked of legal rights, actual possession, and things like that. There were nine of our crowd, everybody but the boss and the cook, and two of them, and with sundry impolite remarks they loaded up their lumber and drove off, probably to jump some other fellow's claim.

Tuesday Feb 18

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER PUBLICATION of the story of the famous 25-inning baseball game the other day I had a note from W. H. McNeil, who caught season after season for the old Grand Forks team saying that the long-winded game was not played in Grand Forks, but at Devils Lake. That sent me back to the files again, for the ancient story in The Herald said nothing about Devils Lake. I looked over that story again, and over the accounts of several preceding games, and each was treated simply as a local story. I began to wonder if Mac might not have been mistaken. Then, in a paper of several days earlier I found an obscure local paragraph giving the list of players who would represent Grand Forks in the game at Devils Lake next day. That was the only intimation that the Grand Forks team was going away from home. The stories of the games referred repeatedly to the Grand Forks team as the "local team," and had been written strictly from the local standpoint. So much for sports reporting in the good old days.

* * *

BY COMBING THE FILES carefully I found that the Grand Forks team had played a series of games at Fargo the preceding week and had returned home on Friday. On the Tuesday following the team went to Devils Lake, there to continue the games with the Fargo team, the occasion for this visit being the opening of the summer military encampment at the lake. I am convinced that George H. Broadhurst was responsible for the peculiar manner in which this news was handled, for in the papers examined I found several footprints which I am sure are his.

J. D. Turner, whose firm makes cabinets, doors and things, played left field in that game, and Hank

Knudson, now chief of police, caught, as he did for a good many seasons thereafter. McNeil, who worked behind the bat for years, seems not to have been on the job at that time. Frank Lycan, who played second base, now operates hotels at Bemidji.

The Herald story of the big game says nothing about the umpiring. Attention is given to this in the account of one of the other games, however, and it is stated frankly that the two umpires were equally bad, but that they distributed their favors impartially. Presumably both teams were equally dissatisfied. It also appears that baseball was not then considered strictly a ladies' game, for special mention is made of the fact that several of the fair sex graced one of the games by their presence.

* * *

ASIDE FROM THE BALL games, an interesting feature of that military encampment was the presence on the grounds of a barber specially commissioned by the governor of the state. The public was told that John Austin, a Grand Forks barber who later became famous as the inventor of a dandruff cure, had obtained a commission from the governor, and that his quarters would be known as Camp Burke. This was in honor of Governor Andrew H. Burke—not John, who served at a much later date. Mr. Austin—he had not then adopted the title of professor—announced that during the encampment he would barber the governor, the members of his staff and the officers of the First regiment.

* * *

BEFORE I FORGET IT I MUST mention a ball game in which the late E. L. Richter, then editor of the Larimore Pioneer, played a conspicuous part. At several summer sessions of the State Press association burlesque ball games were played, and in these Richter played the star comedy part as umpire. Attired in military togs, and with a revolver in his fist, he made wierd decisions and enforced them at the point of the gun. As a part of the play he would command a base runner to halt. When the runner kept on going Richter would shoot him, and the runner would become a somersaulting corpse. This play always got a good hand.

* * *

ONE SUMMER THE PRESS meeting was held at Bismarck, and in order that they might familiar-

ize themselves with the place beforehand, the editors were taken out to the penitentiary. There the usual ball game was played by nines picked respectively from the prison and the editorial personnel. Richter performed as usual, and at the proper time shot and "killed" one of the prison players who was attempting to steal a base. The prisoner, who had been properly coached, made a very creditable fall, and cheers went up from the newspaper men. The prison inmates, however, who had watched the game from places assigned them, had not been coached, and they supposed that the killing was the real thing. They gave a shout of indignation at the slaughter of one of their fellows and started for Richter and his newspaper crowd. It required all the ability and ingenuity of the guards to restrain them and it was some time before they were quieted. I think Frank Talcott was warden at the time, but whoever the warden was he made it clear that there would be no more horse play at any other penitentiary ball game while he had anything to say about it. Most of the newspaper men pledged themselves to live better lives and try to avoid all penitentiaries in future.

Wednesday Feb 19

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A SHORT TIME AGO THE Herald contained a brief news paragraph telling of the death of Alexander Hill, a brother of the late James J. Hill, railroad builder. Alexander Hill had reached a great age—I think he was over 90—and he died near where he was born, in the vicinity of Guelph, Ontario. It was from the farm near Guelph that James J. Hill went to seek his fortune, first in the east, and then in the great west.

Alexander Hill taught a country school about two miles from Guelph in the early sixties, and he had as one of his pupils W. J. Hewitt Sr., who farmed for many years near Minto and now lives in Grand Forks. Mr. Hewitt was a very small boy when he went to the little school near Guelph, but he has some very distinct recollections of it and his teachers. It was the typical country school of its period, attended in the winter by young men as well as children of the neighborhood. Some of these older pupils attended merely for the fun of it, and riotous demonstrations among them were common. The teacher who preceded Mr. Hill was as rough as the roughest of his pupils, and his discipline, when there was any, was exercised by main force. His heavy ruler left many scars on the persons of his pupils.

* * *

MR. HILL WAS A TEACHER of a different type. He understood young people, and his attitude toward them was sympathetic. Mr. Hewitt remembers him as a wise, patient and successful teacher. One incident of his school days under Mr. Hill is fixed firmly in his memory. One afternoon his class had not been called for recitation owing to some oversight. Before school closed he called the teacher's attention to the fact. The teacher called him forward and reached for his ruler. The boy thought he had made a sad mis-

take and was about to suffer for it. Instead of whipping him Mr. Hill placed the ruler in his hand and held out his own hand for the whipping which he commanded the boy to give him. The lad held back and shook his head. "Very well," said Mr. Hill. "If you won't whip me this time I will see to it that it doesn't happen again."

* * *

MR. HEWITT HAS TOLD ME something about the origin of the famous gospel hymn, "The Ninety and Nine" which was entirely new to me. I wonder how many others know about it. A young man belonging to a good Scottish family had been shipped out to Canada because his people had found him incorrigible. He lived for some years at the little town of Fergus, a short distance up the line from Guelph, and there died at an early age, presumably from the effects of dissipation. A good Scottish lady visiting the neighborhood, being impressed by the sad condition of the young man, wrote the words of "The Ninety and Nine" and sent the verses to a paper in Scotland, which published them. A stray copy of the paper fell into the hands of Ira D. Sankey, who was then touring with Dwight L. Moody. Sankey composed music appropriate to the words, and without saying anything about it to Moody sang the hymn at the close of one of Moody's powerful evangelistic appeals. It is said that Moody was so touched by the hymn that tears streamed down his cheeks as he embraced his partner and said "Sankey, where in the world did you get it?"

* * *

DAVID ROBERTSON, WHO lives near Ardoch, has read the story of the fate of Dr. Wheeler's original automobile, which, as told some time ago, was sold to David Brown of Schurmeier, and wrecked by Mr. Brown on his first trip home with it. Mr. Robertson corroborates the story in substance, and he ought to know, for David Brown was his grandfather. The wrecking of the machine, it appears, was even more exciting than my story made it appear, for the machine not only ruined a big gate but plunged through the end of a shed before it collapsed. Mr. Brown had got his levers mixed, and when the machine got away from him he held tight and shouted "Whoa!" at the top of his voice. The members of the family took care that the incident should not be forgotten for several years.

* * *

THIS IS STATION WPD, OPERATING without kilocycles and on a variable wave length. Those who are listening in are invited to let the station know how the program is coming in and what suggestions they have to make. Address this station, care the Grand Forks Herald. Station now signing off until another day at midnight, central standard time.

Thursday Feb 20

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MY FRIEND A. J. DRAKE, OF the Westhope Standard, has read an article in this column of the days when North Dakota newspapers traded advertising space for transportation, and he writes about it as follows for the Standard:

It reminded the writer of the time when he used them and of an experience returning from St. Paul. This was when Souris was the end of the branch and must have been in 1903. When ready to leave St. Paul for home, which was then in Richburg, 18 miles from the end of the railroad, a careful check of the mileage book revealed the fact that there was not very much left in it. However a trip was made to the general offices of the Great Northern, where our troubles were told to the proper person. He looked the matter up, and said, well, you seem to have had all your contract calls for, but you have to go home, so I will issue you a ticket. He was asked to make it good for a stop over at Devils Lake, which he did. Every conductor looked at the stop-over privilege written on the back of the ticket, and said it wouldn't be honored — was no good. We left the train at the Lake, feeling not so good, as the ticket and a couple of dollars, was all there was of value about our person, not even a watch to pawn. After getting through with whatever it was the stop-over was for, went to the bank to see about getting \$5. At that time we had an account at the old Bottineau County bank, of which Vic Noble was president. After a little argument the cashier asked if we knew Vic, and after proving to him we did, got the five, and felt better. (Good old Vic.) That night as we were about to buy a ticket to Rugby, which was about as far as the \$5 would go, the through ticket with the stop-over

was shown to the agent, who handed it to the conductor standing near, who remarked the ticket was N. G., and he wouldn't honor it. The agent said it was good and he was willing to take a chance. He gave us a new ticket, took our name and address in case he was stuck with the old one, and we left happy with the fiver still intact. We never forgot that G. N. agent. He had black whiskers all over his face and looked like Santa Claus—to us."

* * *

THOMAS A. EDISON CELEBRATED his eighty-third birthday anniversary quite recently. A few days after that event mention was made in the Thirty-year-ago department of The Herald that thirty years ago T. S. Edison had left for St. Paul, there to join Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McCanna and accompany them to Hot Springs. The two Edisons were related—I think they were cousins. T. S. Edison owned and operated a farm near Larimore, and was a friend of the McCannas, who also farmed in that vicinity. Like his distinguished relative he was given to speculating on why things are as they are, and what could be done about it.

* * *

LIKE MANY OTHER PERSONS

Mr. Edison was shocked at the waste of heat in the burning of straw each fall. Night after night the sky would be reddened by the glare of straw fires. Millions of tons of fuel went up in smoke, with incalculable loss of heat units, while it was necessary to haul millions of tons of other fuel great distances with which to combat the temperature of frigid winters. He thought there should be some way of using straw, of which there was such abundance, as fuel. He appealed to his cousin for help in solving the problem, described the conditions existing and the requirements to be met. The great inventor spent some time on the problem, and from the joint efforts of the two there was developed a method of compressing straw for fuel and a machine for doing this work was built. The plant was installed on the Edison farm and turned out several tons of straw briquettes. These briquettes were similar in size to the larger coal briquettes now in general use, quite heavy, and of about the texture of very heavy straw board. Each briquette was perforated with a hole of perhaps half an inch in diameter, this being to improve the draft and facilitate combustion.

* * *

THE PLAN, HOWEVER, was not a success. The briquettes would burn, and it was possible to obtain plenty of heat from them. But unless stirred frequently the fire would settle down into a slowly smouldering mass. Too much ash was left, and too many light particles were carried off, to clog flues. While the raw material cost practically nothing, the cost of labor and of the material used for binder proved to be greater than the commercial value of the finished product. The project, therefore, was abandoned. Thomas A. Edison said recently that in his experience not one experiment in twenty had been successful. This was one of the cases in which he added to the world's useful knowledge by demonstrating that a given process would not work.

Friday Feb 21

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THIS WEATHER REMINDS

me of the flood of 1897, not that there is any flood now, beyond a little surface water, or any likelihood of one, but because of what happens to the pavement. A good share of the down town district of Grand Forks is paved with wood blocks, sawed square and set on end. These blocks are rather hard pine, kiln dried and treated under pressure with a creosote oil. When the treatment is thorough the oil is forced into all the fibres of the wood. The specifications prescribe the number of pounds of oil of a given grade that shall be absorbed by a cubic foot of wood. The purpose of the treatment, of course, is to exclude moisture and retard decay. It has proven fairly effective, and the block pavement in Grand Forks, where undisturbed has worn well.

Oil will evaporate, however, and after the blocks have been on the street several seasons they absorb moisture and swell. As the street does not swell at the same time, something must give way. As the blocks cannot spread sideways they rise here and there, and this is the cause of the humps which are observed from time to time in the spring, and which street workmen are now engaged in reducing.

* * *

THIS BRINGS US TO THE flood of 1897. It was a man's size flood. There had been deep snow, and it seemed that the whole river bed was drifted full. The Red river running north, contrary to nature, thaws at the wrong end first, and the water from Wahpeton and Fargo came pouring down before Grand Forks and Pembina and Winnipeg were ready for it. It backed up all over the landscape, and at Grand Forks it rose to the level of the gutters on Third street, not quite covering the crown of the street.

The down town streets had been paved the preceding summer, and we were all proud of having in our town the first paved streets in North Dakota. The pavement, as I have mentioned before, was of round cedar blocks sawed into six-inch lengths and set on end on a plank floor. The irregular spaces between the blocks were filled with fine gravel.

When lower DeMers avenue was first paved it had not occurred to anyone that the river might rise to that height, and the cedar blocks were used there as well as elsewhere. Stone is now used instead. When the water rose on the street near the bridge the pavement rose with it, and this continued all the way to Third street. The blocks expanded enough to fit tight, and the pavement held together so long as it was not disturbed. The unbroken part of the street looked perfectly safe and solid, although it was all afloat with considerable water beneath it.

* * *

A FAVORITE ENTERTAINMENT on the part of the idle and unsympathetic was to stand on the street corner and encourage unsuspecting persons to walk out upon this apparently secure pavement and see how the flood was coming on. The arch might remain unbroken for several yards, and then plump! the victim would be in water up to his knees or his waist, and as he grabbed frantically at the blocks near him they would give way and he would be obliged to wade ashore.

The weather at that time was mostly warm, but the river was full of floating ice, and it takes a lot of warm weather to bring such water to a temperature suitable for a plunge bath.

* * *

THE SELECTION OF STONE blocks for paving material on lower DeMers avenue was made because wood blocks were likely to be floated out in a flood and because the tendency of the river bank to slide would wreck a solid material. This tendency has made trouble for a good many people, among them for the Northern Pacific railway company. The original N. P. track on the Grand Forks side of the river was laid on the low ground much nearer the river than at present. The original grade may still be seen there. The track was reached by

means of a stairway back of the passenger depot. This was inconvenient for passengers, and it took considerable power to move trains up the heavy grades each way. The company therefore determined to raise the track to a uniform grade. Material was hauled in and dumped, and good progress was made in the work. One morning when the crew arrived it was found that the track had subsided to about the original level and there was nothing to indicate what had become of the new material. Other trainloads were hauled, and again the track subsided. This process was continued for some time without any permanent gain being made, and everybody wondered what sort of hole there must be underground to swallow so much earth.

* * *

THEN SOMEBODY NOTICED that an island had appeared in the middle of the river where no island had been before. It was found that the earth bank rested on a bed of hardpan which sloped toward the river and curved upward under the river bed. The weight of the added earth had caused the whole bank to slide almost straight down beneath the tracks, and this had forced a corresponding upward movement in the middle of the stream. Track raising at that point was abandoned, but later the work was moved farther back and the present track was laid. The formation of the island created another problem for the road, as those were the days before river navigation was ended, and the war department wanted to know why the railway company had built an island in the river to the obstruction of navigation. My impression is that the company was required to move enough of its island to clear the channel.

Saturday Feb 22

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

THE RADIO HAS REVIVED interest in negro spirituals, an interest which was keen a generation ago, but which waned later. Almost any night one may hear "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Steal Away to Jesus," "Go Down, Moses," or some other of the songs which are associated with slave days in the South. Just ago these songs were scarcely ever heard. A few years earlier scores of troupes of "Jubilee" singers were singing them all over the country. I have loved those songs for many years, and I welcome their return.

My interest in them dates back to about 1880, when I first heard them sung by the original company of Jubilee singers sent out from Fisk university of Nashville, Tennessee. That school was founded for the education of colored people, and in it there was developed some remarkable musical talent. Someone connected with the school conceived the idea of sending out a group of singers to sing the old plantation songs and what have come to be known as spirituals as a means of raising money for the school. The plan was a success. The company drew great and enthusiastic audiences all over this continent, and it was received with equal favor in Great Britain, where it sang before Queen Victoria.

* * *

THE COMPANY APPEARED IN Brantford, Ontario, while I lived there, and was greeted by a packed house. The concert had been well advertised, and there was a strong sympathetic interest in the announced purpose of the tour, for the Civil war was not very distant, and sentiment among our people was strongly with the North. Not a few of our men had served in the Union armies, and many slaves had found their way into the southern part of the province by the underground railway. There was also the added interest of curiosity, for the entertainment was to most of us a decided novelty.

The opening of the concert had its dramatic aspect. There were no speeches and no introductions. The members of the company some ten or twelve men and women, varying in color from ebony to light brunette, stepped forward quietly without announcement and ranged themselves near the front of the stage. For a few moments they stood motionless, and the silence in the room was almost painful. Then we heard what seemed at first to be the faint harmonious tones of an organ played very softly. Then we realized that our colored friends were singing "Steal Away to Jesus."

* * *

FIRST IMPRESSIONS ARE apt to be strong and lasting, and it is quite natural for me to think that I have never heard that song sung so well since that wonderful night. I do not know. But at any rate I shall carry that impression through life.

The Fisk singers used no instrumental accompaniment in their group singing. Their soloists sang a few modern and classical numbers to piano accompaniment, but their spirituals and their lighter songs of plantation life were given by human voices alone. The leader of the company was a tall and very black man named Loudon. He had a very fine bass voice, and I remember that he sang as a solo "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." He had been born in slavery, but the war had freed him while he was still a child. He had received a good education, and in the brief announcements and explanatory remarks which he made during the program he showed culture and good taste.

* * *

ON THE BACK OF THE printed program used for that concert were a few lines from ~~White~~ which I have always remembered because of their peculiar appropriateness. The lines ran:

Loud he sang a song of David,
He a negro, and enslaved;
Sang a song of victory;
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

Southern Ontario, the area just north of Lake Erie, has a fairly large colored population. In deliberate violation of the fugitive slave law thousands of the best people in Ohio organized themselves in the years before the war to aid in the escape of slaves from their owners. Various means were employed to get the fugitives across the Ohio river, after which they were passed from "station" to "sta-

tion," traveling by night and being fed by hospitable citizens en route. Most of these runaways entered Canada by crossing the Detroit river. Some crossed the lake itself, and some the Niagara river. Among them were many persons of excellent qualities, who became substantial and respected members of the communities into which they entered.

*Should be
Longfellow*

Monday Jan 24
3rd

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MENTION WAS MADE IN THE "yesteryears" department of The Herald the other day that David Warfield was billed to appear at the Metropolitan in "The Music Master" twenty years ago. Warfield was one of the numerous fine actors who in those days brought to us the best that the stage had to give. "The Music Master," with its Belasco setting and Warfield heading the cast, was a thing long to be remembered. I searched the files for comment on the play after its production. This is a part of what the reviewer told Herald readers about it:

Warfield is able, in his own quaint way, to give an intensely human and natural touch to every situation, and to make the audience partners with him in every emotion that the kindly old musician feels. His humor is quiet and droll, and in the quiet passages of the play—the play of light and shade, of humor and pathos, are shown in a score of ways, by the inflection of the voice, by the droop of an eyelid, by a twist of the expressive mouth, by every movement and every tone, and the actor does not act, but the man lives and mourns, and suffers and rejoices, and the people know that it is real.

* * *

THE HERALD HAD A STORY a few days ago about the lighting system installed at the Grand Forks municipal airport by George Lowers, chief pilot at the airport. Power for the plant is generated by an old windmill, and an old automobile generator and a storage battery are included in the equipment. The expectation is that in calm weather sufficient energy can be obtained from the battery to supply the lights until the wind springs up again, when the battery will be recharged.

Close to fifty years ago A. E. Brush operated a fairly large farm in the vicinity of Angus, Minn. He had a brother, Dr. Charles Brush, of Cleveland, who was one of the eminent electrical scientists of his day. He was the inventor of the Brush electric light, which antedated the Edison light by several years. The Brush light was developed in a carbon arc and for several years it was quite widely used for the illumination of large spaces. It was, however, too brilliant, too noisy and too costly to be used for most of the purposes for which electric light is now used. The statement that Edison invented the electric light is not strictly accurate. The problem to which Edison devoted himself was not that of producing electric light, which had been done by Brush and others, but of subdividing the light at will and making it adaptable for universal use.

* * *

A. E. BRUSH FREQUENTLY mentioned his brother, and he described to me the apparatus which Dr. Brush had built for the illumination of his grounds at Cleveland. The plant was essentially the same kind of plant which Pilot Lowers has installed at the airport. A large windmill provided power. A group of storage batteries was charged while the windmill was in motion, and during a calm these batteries provided current for light. The Angus brother often talked of having a plant of this kind installed on his farm, but he never did so.

Perhaps twenty years ago the Scientific American had an extended description of the Brush plant at Cleveland, which was still in successful operation after something like thirty years, and Dr. Brush was quoted as saying that the plant had given him entire satisfaction. However, on being asked why such plants could not be used successfully anywhere, on farms and in villages, the inventor expressed doubt. He said that while his plant had been satisfactory to him, it required at times the attention of a skilled electrician, and he did not believe it would be of practical value unless such service were constantly available.

* * *

I WONDER HOW MANY PEOPLE remember when and where they first saw an electric light. I remember well my first view of one. It was at a circus back east. I should say about 1879. The new

and wonderful light had been featured on the circus bills as one of the chief attractions of the show, and there was much curiosity with reference to it. The motive power was an ordinary portable engine of the kind then used in threshing outfits. This engine puffed away outside the circus tent, while inside was the wonderful light. This was of the carbon arc type, and it cast a dazzling light through the tent, and it hissed and sputtered in a most alarming manner.

This type of light, it was supposed, would be very useful for city illumination. Fargo had one in 1882. The light was at the top of a slender steel tower perhaps 100 feet high, and the idea was that it would illuminate the entire city. It could be seen, not only over all of what there was of Fargo at that time, but for a good many miles in every direction, but it was not satisfactory. Where the rays struck there was a trying glare, and the shadows were of inky blackness. The next time I visited Fargo the light and tower were gone.

Tuesday Feb 25-

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MY FRIEND TOM WHALEN of St. Thomas writes that the program from Station WPD is "coming in fine," and he offers the single suggestion that the program be lengthened. Tom is engaged in farming and grain dealing in addition to being vice president and one of the most active members of the Greater North Dakota association. He is proud of the fact that St. Thomas ships out more tons of sugar beets in a season than any other original shipping point in the world. He is entitled to a sense of personal gratification in that fact, for he has been a vigorous advocate of this branch of farming.

I am glad that Tom likes the program from this station and appreciate his commendation. His suggestion for greater length, however, must be taken under very careful advisement, which is usually a polite way of laying a thing on the shelf. I have observed that as a rule radio listeners do not take kindly to long programs. There seems to be somewhere a limit of tolerance, and when that is reached the listener begins to wonder what is going on elsewhere. There must also be considered the need of the artist for rest and recuperation. So, for the time being, something like a ten-minute program must suffice.

* * *

GEO. H. OLMSTED, AGENCY director at Grand Forks for the New York Life Insurance company, writes to say that he finds something interesting in this column, and he makes his own contribution to it by offering a suggestion. A few days ago I asked for further information on a subject mentioned. Mr. Olmsted has not the information himself, but he gives me the address of a man who is almost certain to have it. I shall follow this clue, and if it leads to anything readers will have Mr. Olmsted to thank.

* * *

LISTENING THE OTHER DAY to Professor Beck, of the Scandinavian Language department of the University of North Dakota, in his address on Iceland, I was reminded of a book by a very distinguished author which I read probably fifty years ago. The book is "Letters from High Latitudes," by Lord Dufferin, who later became governor general of Canada, and still later governor general of India. Sometime perhaps in the sixties of the last century Lord Dufferin visited Iceland, and the notes of his experiences and impressions form the subject matter of this book. The author was brilliant and witty—perhaps because he was Irish—and while my recollection of his book after these years is very hazy, I still have the impression of it as a charming and sympathetic picture of a land seldom visited and a people then little known. A few bits still stand out distinctly. One of them is the author's description of the trepidation which he felt in attending a dinner in his honor in Reykjavik. The invitation having been duly given and accepted, the guest began to consider how best to conduct himself so as to show his appreciation of the courtesy and make a favorable impression on his hosts. He had heard wild tales about the heavy drinking at Icelandic dinners, and he doubted seriously his ability to drink "glass for glass" with his entertainers. To refuse the refreshments offered might give offense, yet there was the possibility of disaster in the other direction. Considering this grave problem carefully Lord Dufferin formed a heroic resolution. He would not show the white feather. He would do his best, and, if he could not remain at the table, for the honor of his country he would not quit until he went under the table. The contest, he writes, was much less strenuous than he had feared, and he was able to keep his place with proper dignity.

* * *

AS A SMALL BOY I STOOD ON a fence and cheered as Lord Dufferin went by. As governor general of Canada he was making a tour of the country, and he and his party drove from Brantford to the Six Nation Indian reservation some six miles down the river. The road ran past our country school yard, and we young barbarians were let loose to see the procession pass. I remember the high stepping horses and shiny carriages,

and the governor general in a high silk hat which he doffed most graciously to us. Judge McLoughlin had more intimate contact with the governor general, for both boarded the steamer at Fisher's Landing and rode together as far as Pembina. The governor general came this way to visit the Canadian northwest, and as rail communication around the lakes had not been established the road to Winnipeg was by rail and river, past Grand Forks.

* * *

THE DENSE FOG FOLLOWING our recent mild weather reminded me of one of the most interesting sights of my boyhood, in which fog played a part. Our home was on the west bank of the Grand river, and from the high ground on which we lived we could see thousands of acres of rich, level bottom land on the opposite side of the river. On many summer mornings the whole valley was filled with a dense, white mist, while the higher ground would be clear. I have stood on my hilltop at sunrise—for early rising was obligatory—and looked down upon nothing but a vast expanse of what seemed to be white wool, with an occasional tree top or barn roof just visible above it. As the sun warmed the air the mass would rise until I, too, was enveloped in fog. Presently the mist would break into little clouds which gradually disappeared. There are some pictures which seem to etch themselves into one's memory, and this is one of them.

Send in your comments and requests—Station WPD signing off.

Wednesday Feb 26

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

IS CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES an iceberg? There has been associated with him the idea of stern and unbending dignity, coldness, aloofness, lack of humor, and lack of the capacity for companionship. His intimates, and he has them, deny all this, and ascribe to him most of the social qualities possessed by other persons. In a Sunday magazine article Silas Strawn, who had known Justice Hughes for many years, pays high tribute to his ability, his remarkable keenness of perception and his unblemished integrity. He also gives us the impression of Hughes as a man of warm instincts, a delightful companion and a man who loves association with his friends. He also gives us to understand, what has occasionally been written by others, that the great jurist's life of hard and exacting labor has left him little time for "mixing," and that he himself has often felt a strong desire to have someone slap him on the back.

* * *

ALL OF THIS REMINDS ME OF my own association with Mr. Hughes, which lasted for some fifteen minutes. It was during the presidential campaign of 1916, when Mr. Hughes, as the Republican presidential candidate, visited Grand Forks. He arrived in mid-forenoon over the Great Northern and addressed a big crowd at the city auditorium. I was at the station when the train arrived, and assisted in the cheering. On the train was Louis W. Hill, who had come along to see that everything went smoothly. Mr. Hill knew me as a newspaper man, and, taking me to one side he said:

"Say, I want you to meet this man Hughes."

On my expressing willingness he continued:

"I don't know what's the matter with this committee. Here they have a man running for president

and they're taking him all over the country to get votes, and they seem to want to build a fence around him for fear somebody will get at him. They keep a bodyguard around him all the time, and he hasn't had a chance to meet a local man on this trip. He's got to meet folks. You stick around here after the speech and I'll fix it so you can get aboard."

* * *

I STUCK AROUND. I DON'T know how Mr. Hill fixed it, but he did, and presently I was admitted to the candidate's car by a guard who eyed me suspiciously. I was ushered into the little observation room and asked to wait until Mr. Hughes came from his private room, which he did in a very few minutes. He greeted me cordially and expressed regret that I had been kept waiting, but explained that speech making was hot work in the kind of weather we were having, and he had gone in to brush up and get into some cooler clothing.

I felt no impulse whatever to slap Mr. Hughes on the back or call him by his first name. He didn't ask me how the folks were or give me any of his own family history, but I found him anything but the chilly, reserved person of tradition. On the contrary, he seemed to welcome a call from a local stranger, chatted about the campaign and its prospects, and asked numerous questions about North Dakota conditions. In other words, he did just about what one would expect a cultivated gentleman to do, and I left with the impression that I had been talking with a very human and likeable person.

* * *

IN MY STORY OF THE FISK Jubilee singers the other day I gave 1880 as my recollection of the approximate year in which I heard them on their first tour of Ontario. Dr. H. H. Healy says I must have it a year or more too late, as he heard the same company while he was a small boy at his home town, Drayton, Ont., and the family moved west in 1879. I have no doubt the doctor is right, and accept the amendment. Without regard to dates it is always pleasant to hear from someone who has personal knowledge of matters mentioned in this column.

A further item which comes to mind about that famous company of singers is that the color line was drawn on them at the Toronto ho-

tel at which they applied for entertainment. They were refused rooms. A very embarrassing situation was in the making, but the situation was saved by S. H. Blake, a prominent Toronto attorney, who, learning of the incident, took the whole company to his home and entertained them there. Mr. Blake was a brother of Edward Blake, for several years leader of the Canadian Liberal party, and for many years thereafter a member of the British parliament for an Irish constituency. Because of the prominence of the Jubilee company and the attention which it had attracted across the water notice was immediately taken of the action of the Toronto hotel, and there would certainly have been a violent and unprofitable controversy had it not been for the timely action of S. H. Blake.

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

MY REFERENCE TO ANCIENT railway controversies has brought a letter from Con Whalen, of Grand Forks, who was personally present at the Crookston scrimmage. Mr. Whalen writes:

I had the pleasure of being at that scrap that you mention between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific at Crookston. I was working for the Great Northern at York, N. D., when this difficulty took place. Myself and crew and all laborers between Minot and Crookston and between St. Paul and Crookston were taken to that crossing and were there for two days and one night. The Great Northern had an engine fixed up with a bunting ram, as it was called, and they ditched box cars for a distance of 20 rods where the crossing was supposed to be. But all that did not discourage the N. P. fellows. They went back half a mile and started a new route about half a mile east of where they were to have their first crossing. But the Great Northern with their bunting engine and about 1,000 men won the day. The report was that if the N. P. got into Crookston by a certain day they would get \$75,000. I don't know whether this is true or not, but what I have written about the scrap is all true, for I was there.

It appears from the above that the purpose of the obstruction was not to prevent the ultimate crossing of the Great Northern tracks by the Northern Pacific, but to delay the crossing long enough to deprive the new road of some bonus that had been offered. This purpose, it seems, was actually accomplished. There must be people in Crookston who know all about this. Will some of them not come forward with further information?

THE OTHER DAY I TOLD OF the exploit of members of a Grand Forks hunting party who tethered a deer for one of their number to shoot. There were several interesting experiences on those trips. One of them occurred one season while the hunters were on their way from the railroad to the camp on the Little Missouri. It doesn't matter just who constituted the party that year, but it happened that there were two or three former Canadians among them; otherwise there wouldn't have been this story.

The day was warm and pleasant, following a light snow, and the hunters were stretched in easy positions on the loaded sleigh as the team trudged patiently along the trail toward the camp. One of the passengers, a Canadian, dug up a bag of apples and passed the fruit around. Taking one himself he tossed another to the teamster, who had got out to walk in order to relieve his cramped legs and was trudging along behind. The apples were passed again and again one was tossed to the driver. It was customary for the party to carry along a bottle of whisky as a safeguard against snake bite, and after the apples had been eaten the bottle was produced and its contents sampled. The Canadian hunter, who was at the rear of the load, passed the flask to the walking driver, inviting him to partake. The bottle was returned and stowed away, and presently the passenger, feeling the need of water, said to the driver, "Just pass me up a handful of snow, will you?" The driver complied, and the passenger was munching at his snow when one of the party exclaimed:

"Just look at that crazy Canuck! Trading off two apples and a drink of whisky for a snowball!"

* * *
SOUSA, THE GREAT BAND-master, who has visited Grand Forks several times, has been a great traveler. He has wielded his baton in almost every civilized country, and always he has been a genial companion and a good mixer. On one of his visits here he told some of us of a tour of South Africa. He said he found the country pleasant and the people delightful. Shortly after his arrival at Cape Town he was invited to a garden party which was attended by the principal people of the city. In accordance with an

old English custom, tea was served in liberal quantities. "Also," said Sousa, "they served something that had a rather tingling taste, which was intended as an antidote to ward off any ill effects that might be caused by the tea. They offered me tea, but I had had some the day before, so I just took a little of the antidote."

Sousa had a warm friend in the late Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, who became known to vast multitudes of readers as "Ian Maclaren." At one time, when a jealous rival had sought to cloud Sousa's reputation by making disparaging statements concerning Sousa's ancestry, Dr. Watson organized a mammoth meeting in Liverpool in Sousa's honor and had the mayor of the city present to the great musician a copy of a rare book which had been written by one of Sousa's ancestors, an eminent Portuguese man of letters. That book is now one of Sousa's prized possessions.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

MRS. ROBERT S. ALLEN OF Sherwood, N. D., was interested in the paragraph about the origin of the gospel hymn "The Ninety and Nine," for she is familiar with the facts concerning the young man whose sad life inspired the words, and her own home was in the vicinity of the little town of Fergus, Ontario, where he lived. Mrs. Allen writes:

George Clapham was the young man's name, and last October I passed the little grave yard at St. Andrews's church at Fergus where he is buried. Dr. Mutch of Fergus took care of him during his last illness. I had been told that it was his sister who wrote the hymn while Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in the part of Scotland in which she lived. I think it was at Banff, and the young man's father was high sheriff there. If you will look in the "Gospel Hymns" you will find E. C. Clapham given as the author of the hymn. Mr. Sankey had been given a paper in which it was printed and was very much impressed with it. Mr. Moody's address that evening was on the same subject, and it was Sankey's custom to furnish something appropriate to the address. He sat down at the organ and without any preparation played and sang the hymn as we have it now.

Mrs. Allen's reminiscence is more than welcome. I never visited Fergus except by train, but I have passed through, or by it many times—the town is just a little off the railroad, and passengers were taken back and forth by a bus which fifty years ago was driven by a man with one leg.

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE when one looks across the great western plains that railway locomotives anywhere were ever fueled with wood, but in my boyhood the engines that ran on the line between Brantford and Kincardine used only wood. What a country that was for timber! In the southern section white pine, and in the north hemlock were abundant, with great forests of hard woods that would now be priceless. Up toward Lake Huron maple was the principal fuel, because it was the most abundant of the more desirable woods. Settlers were busy clearing their lands, and for a good many years most of the timber was burned because no other use could be made of it. Except for the several varieties of pine there was no outside demand for timber, and locally everyone had more than he wanted. Maple logs two to three feet in diameter and without a knot or a flaw were hauled by oxen into great piles and burned as recklessly as straw has been burned on the prairie wheat fields. Such wood was delivered in the villages for the price of hauling. If one had a team he was welcome to haul it himself and have it for nothing.

The railroad company was a fairly large purchaser of wood, and the only one. The wood was delivered by the farmers at the railway yards in the form of four-foot cordwood, and a gang of negro laborers was kept busy throughout the year going from station to station sawing the wood into shorter lengths with a portable steam outfit. I remember one gang of this sort, a merry lot, who at one place boarded at the station hotel. After piling up a mountain of sawed wood during the day and eating a hearty supper they would spend what seemed to be the greater part of the night singing and dancing in the hotel bar room, accepting such small donations of dimes or drinks as came their way. They said they needed the exercise.

THE RAILROADS THERE NO longer burn wood. Neither do many of the farms, but in that country, so recently a vast forest, the homes are quite generally heated with coal from Pennsylvania. Some maple sugar is still made, but I suppose the village movie has supplanted the sugaring-off party of the old days, and the sons and daughters of the quadrille dancers are fox-trotting.

I NOTICED THE OTHER DAY that a lady in Los Angeles had picked up and kept as a souvenir a cigar stub that former President Coolidge had thrown away. I never before heard of Mr. Coolidge throwing anything away, but the paper said so. I heard of an eastern lady who was fond of showing to her friends an egg shell out of which Charles Dickens had eaten his morning egg. She had been a guest at the hotel at which Dickens stopped while on a lecture tour, and after the novelist had left the dining room she surreptitiously appropriated the egg shell which lay beside his plate.

—W. P. DAVIES.